

Week ending April 24 1948

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See *"Life Without Father"* by
the Rev. W. E. Purcell—Page 5



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Health Service Hopes

THE DISPUTE BETWEEN Mr. Bevan, the Health Minister, and the doctors, represented by the British Medical Association, on the terms of their participation in the National Health Service, now looks like reaching an early and amicable settlement.

The doctors' biggest objection, which was the fear that a Health Minister might one day use his power to turn them into full-time salaried civil servants, has been overcome. Mr. Bevan is introducing a special Bill to remove that possibility.

Also he has set up a committee which is now considering the doctors' technical grievances over restrictions affecting the terms of medical partnership.

We are glad that he is not giving way over the abolition of the sale and purchase of practices, a bad old custom which, in the long run, harms both the doctors and their patients.

In spite of this, it seems that a sensible compromise will be hammered out in ample time for the National Health Service to start as planned on July 5 with the full and willing co-operation of all concerned.

Mr. Bevan has shown a reasonable and statesmanlike attitude in his latest moves; it is up to the B.M.A. to do the same.

The time is past for insults and accusations, or for propaganda. The time has come for goodwill and public spirit to smooth away the last obstructions.

The public, which will start paying for the health service this summer whether the scheme works properly or not, is entitled to first consideration now.

Everybody is sick and tired of wrangling between the B.M.A. and the Minister. Now that the vicious circle of rancour seems to have been broken, we expect results—and no more quarrels!

Praiseworthy

JOHN BULL OFTEN HAS to criticize, sometimes to condemn. This week it is a pleasure to publish three pieces of praise—one of a man, one of an institution, one of a new Bill.

The man we praise is Sir John Boyd Orr, the great director-general of the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization, who is resigning at the age of sixty-seven.

Sir John is one of the greatest men of our time. He has seized and propagated the essential truth that unless people are fed they will fight instead of working. He has used that truth as a hammer to smash the silly obstructions put up by politicians and militarists. He has earned the gratitude of countless millions all over the world.

If the work he has started can be carried to its logical conclusion, it will bring the best hope yet of a peaceful and united world.

The institution we praise is the Youth Hostels Association, which is opening up the beauties of Britain to our young people, many of whom could not afford to see their own country—could not afford healthy, open-air holidays—without the inexpensive comradeship of the hostels.

The Association now has a membership of nearly two hundred thousand, which is going up. This summer it offers still more beds in more hostels. It deserves full public support.

The Bill we praise, now before Parliament, is one to increase the allowances paid to former M.P.s who, in their old age, fall into

want. Modern M.P.s work hard and long in the public service. The ability and industry they put into their job would generally earn far more money in private life. They deserve help if they need it when their work is done.

Local Pride v. Efficiency

AT PRESENT THE ENGLISH counties are all different shapes and sizes. They have grown like that out of our long and eventful history. They are very human things, our counties, and most people feel a passionate local patriotism about them, just as they feel patriotic about being British.

Now along comes the Local Government Boundary Commission and tells a lot of Englishmen: "Your county is not a practical administrative unit. You must amalgamate with somebody else—or give up some of your area to the next county."

Naturally, people are angry. The men of Herefordshire, for example, furiously resent the suggestion that they should be merged into Worcestershire.

The tidy reason behind the Commission's proposals is, of course, that our counties evolved before local government as we know it was invented. Their ancient boundaries often take no account of the problems of running efficiently such complex public services as education and health.

Nevertheless, the Government should consider each case very carefully before it decides to carry out all the proposed reforms. It should not sacrifice local pride and enthusiasm merely for the sake of "administrative tidiness," because efficient administration will be useless unless it is backed by good feeling.

Collecting Those Taxes

SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS has put it on record that, although he is netting a record amount of income tax, the rate of collection is lower than a year ago. In other words, arrears of tax are higher than ever, which means that the big-money people are not paying up on time, and that there are still too many dodgers.

Now, the wage-earner and the salaried man are compelled to settle every penny of income tax, through P.A.Y.E., before they even see their money. They have no chance of being in debt to the tax collector—which is fair enough. But it doesn't make them any happier about the high level of taxation to know that people with a great deal more money are not paying up as promptly.

JOHN BULL is aware that the income tax offices are still short of the trained staff needed to round up the tax evaders. But we would like to feel that the staff which is available is being put to the best possible use, and given time to tackle this very urgent job.

The honest taxpayers won't run away. They will always pay up in full, on time. So why not leave them alone while every tax man who can be set free is turned on to the much more essential task of rounding up the hundreds of thousands of dodgers and laggards who owe the country hundreds of millions?

The longer these tax spivs are left unchallenged, the more chance they have of salting away their gains or of blueing them on fancy living before the tax collector gets a chance to make them hand over. The money will soon be melting away, so get cracking, Sir Stafford, before it is too late.



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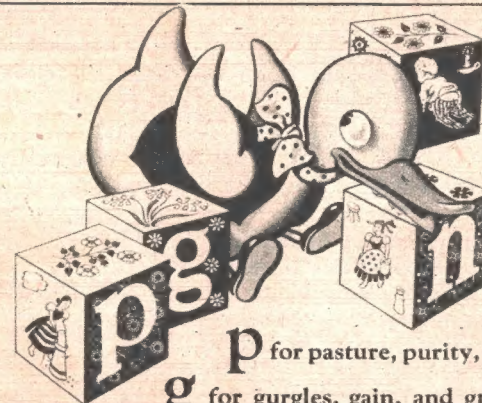
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LIFE WITHOUT FATHER

by the Rev. W. E. PURCELL

The dreaded "heavy" father has gone. But reaction against him has produced a new "lightweight" who is a failure. Man for the job: a tolerant, able "middleweight"

FASHIONS CHANGE IN FATHERS. But between yesterday's side-whiskered head of the family and today's mostly clean-shaven husband there is much more than a difference of appearance. Fathers now compared with fathers yesterday have something else besides a New Look: the vast majority have a new outlook as well.

Their position has altered. Their rôle has changed. Not many children now fall quiet at a heavy footstep because it might be *his*. And there are not many grown-ups who do not welcome the death of this family tyrant.

"My father," a middle-aged man told me the other day, "always wore a thick belt with brass studs in it. When we'd done something we didn't ought to, and mother said 'I'll tell your father,' we thought of that belt. You never see belts like that today. You don't see fathers like him, either. Good thing, I suppose. And yet—"

And yet what?

No More Barrack-Square Families

No one now wants to see a return to barrack-square family discipline with father as the sergeant. The modern parent who ruled by fear, and liked it, would be abnormal. Most fathers today, asked to choose between being liked, respected or feared by their children would, pretty certainly, vote for the first, hope for the second, and have no time at all for the third. The thick belt with brass studs has had its day.

But that does not mean that all is now well on the family front. Too many people who know what they are talking about have increasingly disturbing things to say—things that concern all British homes.

Here is the Chief Constable of Gloucestershire. Reporting a ninety per cent increase of juvenile crime in his area, he says: "I feel that unless there is a fundamental change in the family life of this country and recognition of the responsibility of parents towards children, we are in danger of breeding a race of gangsters."

And here is the headmistress of a girls' secondary school. She reports: "Worried because a sixteen-year-old daughter was growing into the habit of staying out late almost every evening, the mother of one of our girls came to ask if I would speak to the child. Of course, I said I would. But I also asked: 'Why doesn't her father?' She seemed surprised. 'That wouldn't be the slightest use,' she said. 'She wouldn't take any notice of him.'"

"I'll Tell Your Dad" Didn't Work

Even more striking was the further remark of the same middle-aged man who remembered the studded belt his father used to wear.

"I'm a bus-conductor," he said; "been on the job for years. But lately I've come to dread trips on a route where school children travel. You'd scarcely credit the way kids carry on today. Last week there was a ten-year-old who kept ringing the bell. At last I came down from the top deck and said: 'Look, son, stop that, or I'll tell your dad.' He just laughed at me."

My friend added: "He wouldn't have laughed if he'd been mine."

The evidence grows that very many of Britain's

young people are growing up into a new kind of life without father, which promises ill for the stability of the future homes which they will make. Even when the last "heavy father" of yesterday has driven away in the last hansom cab, the need in every home will still remain for a man's influence, a man's authority, not necessarily as something to be feared, but as a force to be reckoned with and respected.

What has caused this new fashion in fathers who are seen but not heard? Partly, of course, the war. When dad was in North Africa or Normandy he couldn't do much about keeping an eye on the youngsters, even if he had wished to. And it is certainly the case that many homes have not yet got over this prolonged absence of their men.

Many mothers did a grand job in trying, through the weary years, to fill that vacant space. But a lot of them, too, were caught up into the needs of war, so that there are thousands of young folk today who grew up in abnormal home circumstances. Father away, mother at work, is not a promising situation from the family point of view.

But war conditions cannot fairly be given all the blame. The heavy father was on the way out long before Hitler was heard of. Nor is it the whole truth to say—as some critics do—that as the State, through its schools and welfare facilities, takes over more and more responsibility, fathers and mothers tend to sit back and leave to others what once was done at home. The real explanation pretty certainly lies much deeper.

Tyranny Is One Thing, Control Another

The solution of the mystery, *Who Killed Father?* lies in ourselves. We killed him, you and I, the fathers of today. What is more, we finished him off with an idea—the idea that restraint and control for our children is somehow bad and certainly out of date. Right or wrong?

Tyranny is certainly wrong. Let's be quite clear about that.

An elderly magistrate, not long ago, faced with a boy found throwing stones at a train, recommended the father to take the lad home and give him a good hiding. The father replied that he wouldn't know how to do it, and wouldn't do it if he did know. Psychologists would agree. Corporal punishment for children is wholly bad, and has unpleasant effects at both ends of the stick. The fact that most fathers now would be revolted by the idea is to their credit.

But this idea that restraint and control is somehow no longer our business, could well be looked at a bit more closely. Frankly, its practical results don't seem too good. Take the actual case of Tom (there are thousands like him), a promising and likeable lad, seventeen. Hit hard by the emotional blizzards of adolescence, he had an important technical exam to take as a stepping stone to a better job. It meant evening classes.

But what Tom increasingly preferred was to drift along, evenings, to one of those corners in any

No brass-studded belt for today's boys. New-style dad wants to be liked as well as respected. But authority is needed too



town where boy meets girl, and there pass his time. Harmless? Probably; but it meant no exam, and no better job. The case for friendly direction and advice to Tom at this point was strong indeed.

His mother tried. Her son, as she later told me, flared up, and called her a fool. And his father? His father turned another page of the evening paper. He wasn't going to interfere, you see; didn't believe in it. So Tom banged the door on another missed chance while his father, the only person in the world who could have done anything for him at that point, went on reading.

What should he have done? Not flare up himself, certainly. But there is no reasonable doubt that, for the boy's sake, he should have taken a grip on the situation. It could have been done so easily by laying down that paper, speaking quietly, looking his son in the eyes. "Son, cool off; listen to me. I'm going to give you some reasons, all good ones, why you're not going out this evening. . . ."

But what about Tom? Hasn't he a right to do as he pleases? That is a modern point of view. Some expert evidence here is interesting.

A woman doctor in charge of a big city's child-guidance clinic reports: "Many parents today make a great mistake in thinking they are doing their best for their children by leaving them entirely free to make their own decisions. The fact is that this imposes a strain upon the child's mind which it simply is not ready to bear. And that is one of the reasons why most of our problem children come, not from homes where there is some measure of control, but from those in which the policy seems to be to let them do as they please."

"I have seen a highly strung seven-year-old girl—only child of very 'progressive' parents—reduced to a state of serious nervous prostration by the continual effort of making her own little decisions, while the grown-ups stood by, thinking they were being very enlightened in not interfering. What we all need, at that stage of life and for long afterwards, is help in making up our minds. And it is the wise parent who realizes this, and stands ready with help and guidance—prepared, when necessary, to insist on its being taken."

Non-Aggression or Appeasement?

It certainly looks, then, as if the answer to the question as to whether Tom hadn't a perfect right to do as he chose, and make as many dates as he liked when he liked, is no. And the reason for that answer is that he had not, at seventeen, reached a stage of life at which it was in his own best interests to go his own way.

It follows that the modern father who prefers not to interfere in family affairs, but to make a broad-minded, non-aggression pact with sons and

daughters, is rather falling down on the whole job. What can be done about it? A first need is for a re-thinking of what it really means—or should mean—to be a father. This isn't anything like as obvious as it looks. As a matter of fact, in the world of nature there are several quite different kinds of fathers. At the lowest end of the scale is the one who merely fertilizes the female and has nothing further to do with the consequences.

Next, and on a good deal higher level, is the male who not only begets his young but also helps mother to guard, feed and shelter them while they are little. But once they are able to fend for themselves, he is forgotten, and the young hawk ranges the air, or the wolf the forest, without any further conscious contact with the older fellow who was once—father.

But on the highest level of all is the parent-child relationship peculiar to man, the only animal to create a home and family with continuing traditions. Lasting, and based on mutual love and respect, it has roots as deep and old as the commandment: "Honour thy father and thy mother."

"Honour" Doesn't Mean "Fear"

This is a fine and honourable conception. But it does not mean what a lot of people think it means.

It does *not* mean that children should be expected to "look up" to father and mother merely because it was through their agency that they had the mixed blessing of entering this doubtful world. It does *not* mean tip-toeing past the room where father is having his Sunday nap for fear of the consequences if he should wake up. (It is the reaction, by parents of today, from such memories of their own childhood which has had quite a lot to do with the modern swing to the opposite extreme, and the production, in many homes, of "life without father.")

What "honour thy father and thy mother" really means is that parents are to be the centre of authority and guidance for their young.

Where parents—and fathers especially—fail to measure up to the challenge of the job, what might have been a home degenerates into a boarding-house where various people happen to live and eat together, but have few family loyalties and tend increasingly to find their interests outside.

That may work. But it can only work if home dies. And do we want that to happen in Britain?

Even human fathers, then, can belong to one at least of those different categories. If to the "fertilize and forget" school, like the drone or the male cod-fish, then they are on the lowest level of all, and their interest in their own offspring—apart from perhaps vague sentimental attachment—ceases when the baby is in the pram, or even earlier. This, fortunately, is still a small class.

But the second group is very large indeed—and growing. Members of this are those fathers who, willing enough to work—often very hard indeed—to provide food and material surroundings for their children, prefer to leave it at that. ("If the kids are having a good time, why worry?") The snags here are that the vital male influence on the character-development of the children is lost—to the prejudice of good order and discipline, as they say in the Army—and a quite unfair burden put on the mother.

There are still some fathers in group three. There are probably very many who deeply believe that their job extends beyond that of being the man who comes home with the pay-packet. If they do believe that, they are right. For being a father is an honourable and important job which has to be done if Britain's home life is to go on and young people led to think sufficiently highly of it to wish, in due time, to make a home of their own.

The heavy father is dead. None need regret him. But the lightweight is not really the man to take his place.

A nice, useful middleweight is the man we want—the kind of father who, long after his time, will be remembered in snaps in family albums, and pointed to with the splendid words: "That was my dad; he was a fine chap."



SMUGGLERS SPROUT WINGS

by William J. Gage

Astute crooks are now slipping contraband through in aircraft. Yet our Customs men haven't a single aeroplane to their name

A VERY UNUSUAL RACE took place recently in the air over the English Channel. It wasn't reported in your newspaper. It was a race between a couple of oddly matched competitors—a radio message and a twin-engined aircraft.

The plane—a five-seater with a crew of two—got away to a good start from a Continental field. When the "race" began it was actually breaking cloud over the Kent coast to modify its course for Gatwick Airport. (This airport is used by many private planes and is watched by the customs—and supervised by the airport authorities—with particular care.)

And then the radio message was transmitted from a village near Antwerp. It stated that the plane—even then bucking gracefully over the Kentish Weald—was that day on the "smuggler's run."

The race was not over—yet. While a car containing members of the customs' "special branch" turned southwards from London, the plane had taxied to a standstill on the apron near the administrative block at Gatwick—a drab, innocently fragile

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Keep Your Grip

NAPOLEON once remarked that the human race was governed by its imagination. I don't think he was flattering the human race; once let your imagination run away with you and all kinds of undesirable things happen.

Imagination is a fiery steed that needs to be kept on a tight rein. Loosen that rein and you either picture troubles and horrors that never materialize, and so become moody and neurotic, or you paint a rosy future free of all worry and responsibility, and so become a target for disillusionment.

Properly trained and wisely used, imagination can be a big help. Progress is impossible without planning, and planning is impossible without imagination.

And we can all learn to use our imagination. We can all try not only to see ourselves as others see us but to see others as they see themselves, which is more important.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

£100,000, mostly in kind. And customs chiefs estimate that only one in twenty air-smuggling coups is ever discovered.

Such a "turn-up for the book"—a potential of £2,000,000 a year—is spreading air-mindedness among the international underworld, to Britain's great cost and to the increasing dismay of our customs service which, so far, has not been given the scope it needs to fight this new smuggling threat realistically.

In the fight against air smuggling, the existence of airfields like Gatwick and other small airfields near the coast will always be an embarrassment to the authorities. Very special interest attaches to such airports today. Gatwick, for example, is almost a part of the railway station—a subway gives Gatwick arrivals direct access to a platform which is a short run from London.

In a matter of minutes a person just arrived from the Continent by commercial plane can be one of a thousand passengers in a corridor express. And those passengers will, in half an hour, be unloaded into the crowds at Victoria Station and "lost."

Mechanics Got Suspicious

In one case the pilot of a plane with contraband aboard actually cleared the customs at Gatwick and, with magnificent effrontery, flew the richly laden aircraft twenty miles nearer London to Croydon. Here the pilot, who had left France early that afternoon, arranged for certain repairs.

The two mechanics detailed to the machine became suspicious when inspection showed that the "repairs" seemed quite unnecessary. They reported their doubts to the customs police.

While the pilot swapped yarns and drinks with other Continental fliers at the airport hotel, a thorough search of the machine was made; later he was confronted with customs men who had found eight hundred Swiss watches in the wooden sides of his seat.

He protested that he knew absolutely nothing about the contraband.

Again there was insufficient proof to justify a prosecution. The watches were confiscated and the pilot flew his plane back to France the following morning.

The possibilities of disused R.A.F. fields have also been tapped by the contraband runners. Planes have landed at discarded service dromes near the coastline.

A census of all disused and abandoned airfields in Britain is now being taken by Customs House officials. There are more than three hundred.

But the customs are ill-equipped, both in men and apparatus, to meet the air smuggler on even terms.

Be imaginative, is the call. Carry the war into the enemy's camp. Fight him in his lair—in his Continental H.Q. areas.

Why—if for no other reasons than the deficiencies I have mentioned above—cannot the authorities yet establish the identity of the Frenchman at the head of the premier smuggling syndicate directing its activities against this country?

His chief of staff is known—an international trickster named André Attal, who was active in London before the war and was deported in 1938. Attal smuggled a different commodity in those far-off days—French and Belgian prostitutes whom he installed in luxury flats in this country. In those days, André Attal was known by Scotland Yard to be stacking £20,000 a year away.

He and his money-power are still very much alive. His agents then are still his agents. They can be picked up anywhere between the Attal headquarters in Antwerp's Annesseu Street and the estaminets he owns in Paris, Brussels and Treport, that small French port from which unlicensed aircraft make night flights to this country.

Another head of the syndicate is Josef van Klooster, a Brussels café proprietor. If van Klooster has not already turned his attention to air smuggling exclusively it would surprise me. His recent losses through Harwich have been catastrophic. One instance was his use of two Belgian business men—

What Does Radio Mean To You?

MORE THAN 30,000,000 men, women and children out of Britain's 47,000,000 population listen to the radio—either as "regulars" or "occasionals."

A vast unseen audience of 30,000,000! What does the influence of radio add up to in the lives of all these Britons?

JOHN BULL decided to make the most thorough effort yet to find out. So we commissioned FRANK TILSLEY (author of the excellent wartime narrative, *Boys of Coastal*) to carry out a special inquiry into the listening habits of the British people and the effect of radio on our national character and behaviour.

Tilsley started off by joining the B.B.C.'s organization as a part-time researcher. But he went a good deal farther than Listener Research. He questioned a number of selected listeners to obtain new material on people's reactions to radio—what they get out of it, what it really means in their lives.

Because of the influence the radio can wield today on the family and on the multitude, the results of Tilsley's investigation are important. Because his articles tell us a lot about ourselves—our likes, dislikes, views and prejudices—they make absorbing reading.

Watch out for Frank Tilsley's first article . . .

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

looking craft beside the bigger, glossier types parked nearby.

The routine check of both passengers and plane revealed nothing unusual. But with the arrival of the customs men from London came an objection—an objection which they sustained with painstaking efficiency. They first set about a minute inspection of the aircraft.

Using the trained hands of airport mechanics, the customs men ordered the dismantling of various parts of the two engines the moment they were cool enough to be handled. Meanwhile, they stripped both the panelling and upholstery in the interior of the craft.

Crew Denied Complicity

It was a field day for the customs men. In specially made crevices they found neatly packed parcels containing, among other goods, more than a thousand pounds' worth of Swiss watches.

No evidence, a layman would say, could appear to be more damning. The customs men began their interrogation of the crew and the passengers. Within a few moments they were face to face with the most baffling feature of air-smuggling. The crew swore they knew nothing of any attempt to land contraband. The passengers, too, protested their innocence.

Customs H.Q. is now trying to find out who was really responsible in this instance. In the meantime the flight of this particular plane and the facts of how a radio message defeated its lawless purpose goes on the record at Customs House. It joins, in an ever-increasing list of entries, the facts concerning an aircraft that flew into Gatwick from Brussels. This plane had, stowed away in its superstructure, a stack of currency as well as jewels.

Again the pilot, a Belgian, denied all knowledge of the contraband. As no proof could be found he was not detained. The contraband was valued at £6,000. It now rests at the King's Warehouse, near the Tower Bridge, where all property confiscated from sea and air smugglers is deposited.

Both these instances are typical of the "raids" made by the agents of a syndicate of astute business men who have headquarters in Continental cities. These raids are forerunners of a smuggling offensive planned against Britain during the coming months. The underworld has sprouted wings. Corruption has hit the skyways.

For the crooked there are riches to be won via the runways of Heathrow, Gatwick, Northolt and Croydon. The total of confiscations made at airports in this country in the last six months is

both with unblemished characters (and obviously no previous experience of smuggling professionally!)—to carry 2,157 watches to London. The watchfulness of the Harwich customs men cost van Klooster £11,000 that bright morning, not so long ago.

If these big men are impregnable; if they are so well "protected" themselves that they can evade arrest, let the British customs men start on the small fry—but on the other side of the Channel. The case for better liaison with the Continental authorities is unquestionable.

What happens to men like Philip Goodenberg when the law in this country has finished with them? Having "nothing to declare" at Croydon after alighting from a Dakota last Christmas, Goodenberg was searched and was found to be wearing a tightly fitting skin vest in which there was £3,000 worth of jewellery.

Confession of Defeat

Goodenberg will eventually return to the scene of his activities. Let an investigator of H.M. Customs be his shadow. For it was in the police-court case against Goodenberg that his counsel drew a police admission in simple words that Goodenberg "was only one of hundreds of air couriers who are paid heavy commission to smuggle valuables into this country."

Those words acknowledge the momentary defeat of the customs men by the air smuggler.

Customs House has a pretty good anti-smuggling service at sea. But its forces to meet the sky threat are negligible. It does not yet own one aeroplane of its own.

Would it be too realistic, too imaginative and constructive to give our customs service a special section to concentrate on smuggling by air?

Provide the training, the aeroplanes—and the right sort of organization—and let the Customs Air Corps do the rest!

Yolande Donlin and Peter Cotes rehearse *Rocket to the Moon*. Cotes found a manager who was prepared to back good stuff, stars or no stars

John Bull Colour Photograph by William Kemp



The Wandering Players

by DENNIS HOLMAN

An actor-producer with a new idea and his theatrical touring team find the response of village audiences is more exciting than West End first nights

LAST AUTUMN TWO PLAYS toured the mining valleys of Wales: Priestley's *An Inspector Calls* and O'Neill's *Anna Christie*, produced by a terse young man with a mop of black hair and an "idea"—Peter Cotes.

More than 48,000 miners and their families paid to see these plays, in places like the thousand-seater town hall at Maesteg, just outside the Vale of Glamorgan, or at Argoed, where there is a little pill-box stage, bare boards and a solitary electric bulb to illuminate the auditorium.

"Here," Peter Cotes wrote, "there is no arriving late or going early, or staying in the bar when the curtain has gone up after a fifteen-minute interval. The intervals are only five minutes each anyway, and there are no bars, and the audience, being so much better educated than an average West End audience, would not dream of missing a second, not only for their own obvious enjoyment, but because of the effect it might have on the 'drama' and, through the 'drama,' the actors themselves."

At Tafaunabach, twenty-four miles out of Cardiff, the audience of 370 people, the whole of that Monmouthshire village packed shoulder to shoulder, rose after the performance to sing "Land of My Fathers" in Welsh. This was a success Peter Cotes considers worth recording.

Cotes has set a standard by which all future tours sponsored by the Arts Council of Great Britain will be judged.

Actually his success so far can be attributed mainly to his "idea," one that transforms Cotes

when he discusses it into something of a fanatic. Mention it and watch the change. Normally amusing and likeable, he becomes taut and humourless. The "idea" has roots in his past.

Peter Cotes was born at Maidenhead, Berkshire, the elder brother of the Boulting Twins, who make films; their father is an Englishman of Irish descent, their mother a Jewess of Spanish descent.

Cotes was educated at Monclare College, Brighton. A protégé of the famous music hall male impersonator, Vesta Tilley, he made his début at the age of four as a page in *Henry V* at Drury Lane Theatre. He has since been through the mill—seaside concert parties, pantomime, music hall, films, repertory.

After being invalided out of the Queen's Westminster Rifles, he took to producing between acting engagements. He produced Mary Morris in the Russian comedy, *Squaring the Circle*, and followed with, among others, *Thunder Rock*, *Youth at the Helm*, *Candida*, *Happy and Glorious* (for C.E.M.A. in 1944).

Voiced His Views

Apart from his professional interests, Peter Cotes had for many years concerned himself with social welfare. Before the war he spoke regularly for the National Council of Civil Liberties and the League for the Boycott of Aggressor Nations. He contested borough council elections in Chelsea; sat on an Old Age Pension Committee. It was inevitable, therefore, that his attitude towards the theatre should have a definite hue. Cotes had

thought about and attacked what he called the malignancy of the commercial West End.

"I refuse to believe," he smouldered, "that the public is as backward, stupid and illiterate as do some managements who fill London with the trivia of bedroom farces. Smutty, prurient and meaningless comedies are staged week after week till the public is disgusted and houses fall off. The British Theatre today is sick—infected with nepotism and concupiscence, bed-ridden and administered by precious, effeminate influences."

"Pander to the Bosses"

"The star system has fostered a flippant inner circle of playwrights who merely pander to the commercial bosses by concocting 'vehicles' for established stars. Or plays are rewritten to suit egregious stage-hogs. Casting is usually over a lunch table at the Ivy. When everybody is satisfied, then a director is found to think about the public. Such a system is pernicious. The need now, more than ever, is for a certain platform for vital writers, with virile actors playing to intelligent audiences."

Some two years ago Cotes thought seriously of doing something about it.

Stanislavsky had first adopted the principle of the group "idea" of acting at the Moscow Art Theatre where the playwright was treated as the most important element in every production. The early twenties saw the "idea" translated to the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, where the Irish Players worked as a team to create and vitalize their national theatre. The American equivalent was the Group Theatre of New York where audiences saw a star like Luther Adler playing a minute part in one play, and the title rôle in the next—if it was suited to him.

What was needed in London, thought Cotes, was a theatre where the group "idea" could be adopted to provide a regular flow of good plays for the public, and jobs for a team of players who were prepared to submerge individuality in the task of interpreting character.

So he sat down and drafted the constitution of his group theatre. Then he raised money; gathered round him about twenty players he had seen and knew to be good; found a theatre to house them—the Lindsey Hall; founded a club which he christened the New Lindsey Theatre Club, and opened in April, 1946, with Priestley's *The Long Mirror*.

Sensational

His next production was *Pick-up Girl*, a sensational indictment of society's attitude towards the teen-age delinquent. This play put the little Notting Hill Gate theatre club right on the map; it also played to capacity houses for seven months at the Prince of Wales and Casino in the West End. Queen Mary insisted on seeing the play and asked Cotes later: "Where did you find such actors?"

A few revivals followed (Shaw, Maugham), but by June, 1946, Cotes resigned his position at the club. He had quarrelled with the people who had put up the money, Cotes contending that he had been prevented from following his original policy of presenting vital plays. Several of the group followed him. Again their "idea" was without a home in England.

Cotes next produced the Broadway success, *Animal Kingdom*, at the Playhouse. It flopped. What he really wanted was another home for the "idea." He found something like it in the Drama Department of the Arts Council.

Llywellyn Rees is the director of the Drama

Continued on page 10

ACCORDING TO PLAN



Lamaso swung his gun slowly. "I would not like to see you shot in the stomach, Doctor," he said

DOCTOR HARNETT WAS rocking idly on his heels at the window of his office when the outside buzzer sounded. He came out of his daydream with a start and noticed that a sleek American car had drawn up in the quay below. It looked as incongruous as a misprint in the hot tropical sun among the mulattoes and the bullock carts.

A dark-eyed man in a panama and a neat chalk-stripe suit was at the door and Harnett switched on his professional smile of welcome. "My receptionist has gone for the day," he explained, a little too quickly. "What can I do for you?"

"Miguel Lamaso," said the man, introducing himself with a bow. "I have a patient for you—on my yacht, in the Roads here."

Harnett noticed the large diamond in the man's tie. The cut of the jacket suggested Buenos Ayres. His accent was cultured, and if he owned a yacht, that was all right with Harnett. "We'll see what we can do," he said.

A fragment of flack in the right lung had brought Harnett to Bermuda a year ago—paradise of the idle rich, but so far his practice had run chiefly to coloured folk and fishermen, none of whom owned yachts or sported four-carat diamonds. "I am lucky, Doctor, to catch you

in," Señor Lamaso smiled. His button eyes were swiftly taking in the details of the office and Harnett got the impression that there was little he missed. A faint trace of perfume drifted from the visitor.

Harnett slipped the shiny new stethoscope from his neck and dropped it into his bag. "I'll come at once," he said.

"Thank you. I have a launch waiting at the steps."

Absorbed in checking over his instruments, Harnett thought that this olive-skinned and perfumed millionaire had it all laid out. Perhaps this was a characteristic that followed on being wealthy and owning a yacht. You got what you wanted.

Many queer kinds of people, Harnett knew, had been getting what they were after in the Bermudas since the war—quick riches in smuggling and other doubtful means.

"I have noticed you are quite a fisherman," the señor said. "I have sometimes noticed you leaving in your boat for weekend trips down the coast, yes?"

"You must have been here some time," Harnett countered.

"For some weeks," Señor Lamaso smiled. "The dilemma of our modern age—to be young and to have the desire to enjoy life, and yet without the essential means. To be old and have the means, when—alas!—the desire has

The wealthy gangster had no scruples—and the doctor was completely in his power. Yet medical ethics are hard to kill

by **B. L. JACOT**

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

gone! A pity one does not look for rich men among young doctors!"

Harnett laughed perfunctorily. "Oh, well—we get along, you know, Señor."

"I wish a British doctor," Lamaso explained. "The British authorities here are so officious, are they not? If one of my crew dies at sea we bury him at sea and enter it on the log. If he dies while we're in a British harbour he has to be buried ashore—and that means either a doctor's certificate or an inquest. I wish to avoid delay, for I am leaving on tomorrow's early tide."

"I understand," Harnett told him and snapped his bag shut. "Let's hope the man isn't going to die."

Señor Lamaso had replaced his panama when he suddenly turned. "Pardon," he mentioned. "But you will need your book of death certificates."

Harnett straightened up. Beyond his window he could see the craft in the harbour, with the white buildings of

Hamilton in the distance. The evening sun was striking almost horizontally on the grey rocks of the bay and there was a hush in the air which seemed to be intensified in this moment.

"I don't know that I quite understand this," he said slowly.

Señor Lamaso smiled softly and opened his wallet.

He began to count out bank notes on the corner of the desk. "Of course," he apologized. "I should have brought this up before."

The amount caused Harnett to raise his eyebrows, but the line of his lips tightened angrily.

"You will bring your death certificates, Doctor, because I wish to catch tomorrow morning's tide at 4 a.m. This formality is to be settled this evening and my clearance made before midnight."

"You must appreciate, Señor Lamaso, that a British doctor does not permit

himself to be dictated to in respect to his professional duties."

"Take the money," Lamaso said, "and let us have less heroics."

Harnett tossed his bag over the desk on to the examining couch. "You'll have to get someone else," he snapped. He tossed the notes back to his visitor and as the South American caught the wad he turned him by the shoulder towards the door.

SEÑOR LAMASO showed a sudden resistance. He threw Harnett off and before he could recover his balance the doctor found himself staring stupidly at a small automatic pistol.

In a curious level voice Lamaso said: "I didn't want it this way. Find your certificates and pick up your bag and come."

"Are you crazy?" Harnett demanded. "Put that thing away before I telephone for the police." There was a cold look in the other's eyes that sent a chill of fear down his spine.

"Let us be realistic, my young and impecunious friend," Harnett's visitor was shaking his head, but those button eyes did not move from his face. "I ask you to come aboard my yacht and attend to one of my crew and you insult me and try to hustle me out of your office. Is this civilized behaviour?"

Harnett swallowed. He said nothing. "You are alone in this building. No one knows it was to your offices I came. If I killed you now you would not be missed for days. If anyone were interested they would think you had gone off on one of your trips. You are going to be sensible and come and attend to your patient, whether you like it or not."

He threw the money back and Harnett, in his turn, caught it. The doctor could hear his own heart pounding as he stood waiting, making up his mind. Am I the one who is crazy? he thought. Perhaps South American millionaires do threaten doctors with guns if they don't get just what they want when they want it. Perhaps they all have deadly cold eyes like this one.

"Why shouldn't you shoot me, anyway?" he demanded to gain time. "When I've attended to your man?"

"I give you my word you will be returned safely to your office," Señor

Lamaso promised. "Why should I want to kill you? You started this silliness, let me remind you. I merely asked you to make a professional call."

Harnett thought: It's the surprise of suddenly having a gun pulled on you in your office. You're letting all those stories you've heard about fortunes made in smuggling marijuana get hold of you. With Florida only a few hours away in a fast plane, and illicit hemp-growing plantations tucked away here in the islands, you were bound to hear of dark doings, weren't you? As a medical man, you stress the drama of the hashish drug *cannabis indica* because you know what a few pulls at a marijuana cigarette will do to a boy of fifteen, turning him into an exaltation-crazed killer. And now—you're imagining things.

He gathered up his bag, unlocked a drawer in his desk, and took out his book of death certificates. "Satisfied?" he asked.

Lamaso nodded. He slipped the automatic in his pocket, but he kept his hand on it. "We will not try any tricks, eh? Word of an Englishman?"

"I won't try any tricks," Harnett promised. "But why not move the man to hospital ashore?"

"He is too ill to move. And it would mean more formalities. If you are ready, please?"

The car carried them to the launch and soon they were speeding through the craft at anchor in the harbour.

"The *Santa Maria*," Lamaso pointed, and Harnett saw the yacht riding under her green and red lights ahead. There was nothing unusual about her—she looked a luxury home afloat, trim and neat in white and gold paint. The launch circled and came up expertly against the companion. Topside a huge Negro touched his cap to Lamaso and the three went quickly below to a stateroom abaft the wheelhouse.

"Your patient, Doctor," the yacht owner indicated.

Harnett saw a figure humped under a blanket on the brass bed. The cabin was luxuriously fitted with mahogany panelling, a fitted carpet, and curtains draping the scuttles. Flowers filled the cut-glass vases and the white paint was spotless. He crossed to wash his hands at the fitted basin.

Señor Lamaso was watching him.

"Where it concerns a British subject," he said, "the British authorities are apt to be touchy. This boy is British, you understand? I don't want to hurry you but we have to get our clearance before midnight."

Harnett could see the head on the pillow, motionless in the harsh light. He shook his hands and began to dry them on the towel. The Negro mate was standing with his broad back to the door.

"You were asking me why we could not have had the man carried to the hospital ashore," Lamaso went on smoothly. "I had to evade the question, I regret now to confess to you. Since now you are my honoured guest and we are friends together. . . ." He smiled at Harnett then examined the tips of his manicured fingers. "Since, in fact, you have taken my money to act in—the matter, I will explain our difficulties—yes?"

"Certainly," Harnett agreed. He approached the bed, carrying his open bag. His mind was more on his patient now.

"This man is not a member of my crew," Lamaso said. "We could not have buried him at sea for he is not on the ship's papers. We could not have carried him ashore because unfortunately he was last seen in company of the mate here, and that would have meant calling attention to the fact, would it not?"

Harnett drew a corner of the blanket back and felt for the man's pulse. He withdrew his hand and straightened. He thumbed up the eyelids and smoothed them over again. "This boy has been dead about five hours," he said.

Lamaso nodded and in the silence that fell on the cabin his voice sounded thin and unreal. "He bled to death, poor fellow. Shot in the stomach. By Henriques, here—my mate. He's impulsive."

HARNETT'S eyes switched from Lamaso to the gigantic mate. "Tha's right. I kill him. Better fix him up pronto. Doc!" The Negro's face had a nervous twitch and the whites of his eyes showed as his glance shot over the room.

"You get talk among the crew," Lamaso explained. "Especially by those not in the know when they've seen the other fools bringing him out here to die on us. Dump a body overboard in those circumstances and trouble'll catch up with you sooner or later."

Harnett had a sick feeling. He wanted to retch. "I shall have nothing to do with this," he heard himself saying. "I'm going ashore to report."

Lamaso let himself down softly into the swivel chair at the desk and swung round slowly so that the automatic that was on his knee arched round to cover Harnett's stomach.

"I would not like to see you shot in the stomach, too, Doctor," he said. "It is very painful, is it not? But you see now why I had to have a death certificate? The body will be taken ashore. The undertaker has already made the arrangements and will present your certificate tonight and bury the boy tomorrow morning. You know him, do you not? He was a patient of yours?"

At first glance at the face on the pillow Harnett had recognized the son of the mulatto woman who did his washing.

"I have treated him from time to time for minor ailments," Harnett said. He was calmer now. "But I'm not going to write a death certificate. I begin to see the pattern. You and some of your hirelings in this ship are mixed up in the marijuana racket and this boy chanced on something it was too dangerous for him to know. You had him shot."

"Call it a fight," Lamaso said. "You can start writing your certificate now."

Harnett's eyes jumped to the Negro. The man was watching him expectantly.

Continued on page 21

WANDERING PLAYERS: from page 8

Department. Charming and soft-spoken, he was an actor once but has long since stepped down from behind the footlights into boardroom jobs connected with the stage.

For the business of organizing play tours, Rees appoints a producer and gives him a free hand. The producer casts the play, puts it on the stage complete, and remains with it until it is working smoothly on tour. Then the manager takes over.

Usually £400 a week is budgeted for production and runnings costs, of which Rees reckons on losing £150 a week unless this is met by organizations like the Miners' Welfare Commission with their revenue of a penny on every ton of coal. Actors are paid between £8 and £15 a week (which is slightly better than repertory pay). Admission tickets are from 1s. 6d. They never exceed 3s. 6d.

Recent productions on the road were *Major Barbara* and *Caste*. Peter Cotes was not involved. Instead he produced Clifford Odets's *Rocket to the Moon*, for Jack Hylton, which Yolande Donlin turned into a notable success. Hylton, Cotes considers, is one manager who is prepared to back good stuff, produced in the proper way without the necessity of including stars.

Selections Criticized

Criticism of the present Arts Council tours is that these plays are not the best examples of the art of drama. The council was intended to propagate art and not attempt commercial successes. *Major Barbara* in the valleys is escape, not Shaw at his best. *Caste*, touring-around Newcastle, is hilarious Victorian comedy, with a lot of sentimentality and much shouting.

Stars of *Caste* are Launce Maraschal and his wife, Pax Walker. Maraschal, an actor for fifty years, came over from Broadway for the London production of *Born Yesterday* at the Garrick.

After its long run, Maraschal toured for the Arts Council and was so impressed by the audiences (in one town they took him down a mine), that he and his wife decided to wash their hands of sophisticated audiences.

Executive control of a tour unit is in the hands of the manager, responsible for running the company, accommodation, transport, bookings, the staging of each performance, box office, salaries, staff, the cast. For *Major Barbara* this job was filled by Richard Wadleigh, who ran A.B.C.A. play units during the war.

Chief technical assistant is the stage manager; for *Caste*, John Valentine, a young man with much blond hair, a naval duffle coat and a bundle of plans. As his play was due to visit about forty places during a six weeks' tour, Valentine had to obtain diagrams of all the halls, then build his sets to make them adaptable for every stage.

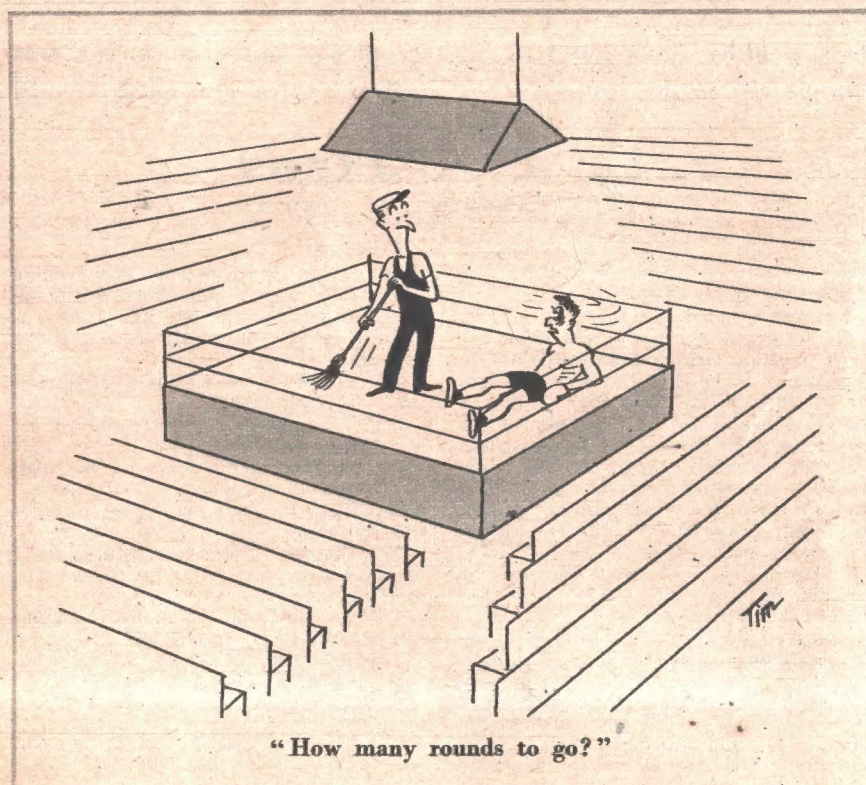
Took His Coat Off

He usually arrived on the scene about noon on the day of the performance with a staff of three and got to work erecting the set, hooking up the lights, fixing the curtain, dressing-rooms, seating. After the last curtain had run down and the audience had gone home, Valentine had to strike the set and pack the components.

For the Arts Council in the autumn, Cotes will produce *Macbeth* and Ibsen's *John Gabriel Borkman*. Llywellyn Rees, Drama Department chief, says: "I bank on Cotes; he has done our best job!"

But as for Peter Cotes, it's in the Arts Council tour teams that the lamp of his "idea" still burns.

NEXT ARTICLE: Arts Council Brings Music to Millions





Facing judges, Sir Hartley Shawcross puts Britain's case against Albania. "... You will not falter before political expediency," he had told them

"The Verdict of this World Court Is—"

AS THE HOPE OF SETTLING international disputes in the heated theatrical atmosphere of United Nations conferences grows less, diplomats of all nations are, for the second time in thirty years, turning hopefully to the highest human tribunal—the International Court of Justice.

From the electric air of the Security Council, from the tension of Berlin, where Russia and the Western Powers seem to have thrown over even the façade of agreeing to disagree, The Hague Palace of Peace appears to offer a distant promise of soothing moderation and profound justice.

In this court a judicial solemnity calms the contestants. No Vishinsky outbursts, no propaganda speeches interrupt the work. More important still, no veto halts it altogether.

When the court, which was reconstituted under the United Nations in April, 1946, recently began its first case—the dispute between Britain and Albania over the mining of the Corfu Channel—our representative, Sir Hartley Shawcross, told the sixteen judges:

Your power is great, but you will not falter before political expediency nor be dismayed by military might. Your decisions are taken, not politically, but in accordance with the settled principles of justice. This court is the pivotal point in the organization of peace. In a world still full of tumult, anxiety and misunderstanding, the International Court must stand like a rock of confidence and impartiality.

But is this possible today? Will the court be any more successful in soothing belligerent nations and protecting frightened ones than the League of Nations or the Security Council?

A famous authority on International Law who was with me at The Hague shook his head sadly when I put the question.

"I'm afraid it's almost impossible for the judges to divorce themselves from national and political considerations," he declared. "Take the Russian judge, Krylov, for example. I know him well—he's a splendid chap. But he's in for a very difficult time here. Can you see him returning to Moscow after voting against Russia in an important dispute? I can't. This present East-West split puts a very severe strain on judges who no doubt wish to be completely impartial. So severe that most of them are likely to take a political line."

In the Britain v. Albania case the judges comprise a Russian, a Pole, a Yugoslav and a Slovakian *ad hoc* judge representing the East; an American, a Briton, a Canadian, a Frenchman and a Belgian from the Western nations; and, in between, an Egyptian, a Brazilian, a Chilean, a San Salvadoran, a Mexican, a Norwegian and a Chinese.

The fifteen permanent judges each receive £25,000 a year. Five were elected in 1946 for nine

All agreement failing, there is always the World Court, but can the judges of many nations sitting at the Hague be really impartial?

by ALAN WHICKER

years, five for six and five for three years. Venerable, grey-haired men, wigless but identically robed in black gowns with lace collars, they still betray their nationality. Even their names are almost fictionally typical: Mr. Green Haywood Hackworth could be nothing but an American. The title of Sir Arnold Duncan McNair allows no confusion. The silver-haired, chubby, youngish Russian and the Yugoslav have story-book names—Sergei Borisovitch Krylov and Milovam Zoricic.

The judges file solemnly into the lofty courtroom and sit at a long, raised table, beneath magnificent stained-glass windows, the gift of Great Britain. They remain silent as the evidence is translated into French or English, the two official languages.

The contestants face the judges at different ends of the court, face also the four interpreters and the shorthand writers. The speaker's dais (the witness box) is before a microphone in the centre. The agents in the dispute address the court in turn. After the hearing the judges retire to deliberate in private, perhaps for several weeks. Any judge differing from the final verdict of the majority is entitled to deliver a separate opinion in public.

Palace That Good Will Built

Outside the courtroom the huge Peace Palace is all echoing marble corridors, vast panelled chambers, magnificent staircases. It was endowed with the sum of £1,000,000 by Andrew Carnegie, of New York, and completed in 1913 on ground on The Hague outskirts presented by the Netherlands Government. Norway gave the granite for the drive, Belgium the bronze hall doors, Denmark the porcelain fountain in the inner court. Australian timber made the president's desk, and a large green jasper vase was the Russian gift. So the Peace Palace grew on international good will.

Its present statute, an integral part of the U.N. Charter, follows the statute of the Permanent Court of International Justice adopted at the first assembly of the League of Nations in 1920. That court dealt with sixty-four cases before the second

World War, when with awful irony the Germans built a V2 launching site in the grounds of the Peace Palace. A misfired rocket broke 2,300 court windows. Otherwise the palace was undamaged.

The first sitting of the court heard the Albanian objection to the methods which Britain had adopted in bringing the Corfu Channel dispute before the tribunal. Britain claims £825,000 reparations and £50,000 compensation for lives lost when the destroyers H.M.S. *Saumarez* and *Volage* hit mines in the North Corfu Channel in October, 1946. Forty-four British sailors were killed, forty-two injured.

A United Kingdom proposal to the Security Council in March, 1947, that the council find that a clandestine minefield had been laid in the Corfu Strait with the knowledge of the Albanian Government ("a crime against humanity") was defeated by the adverse vote of the U.S.S.R. So the case came to The Hague, where the Albanian objection to Britain's method of bringing it up was rejected. The central issue of the dispute will be heard later.

On the first day of the sitting the courtroom had a *matinée* air, as elegant diplomatic wives chatted gaily in the distinguished visitors' seats under the bronze glare of newsreel arclights. Cameras whirled and radio men muttered into their microphones. A Russian film cameraman, a Stalin prize-winner, was determinedly using an ancient camera with a noise like a mowing machine.

As the courtroom became more and more like a scene from *Hellzapoppin'*, the seventy-two year old president, Dr. Jose Gustavo Guerrero, cleared cameramen from the tribunal. A few minutes later the Russian Consul at The Hague telephoned the Peace Palace. A Russian cameraman had been banned from the court, he complained angrily. Was there no freedom? He would have to inform Moscow.

In the face of an international incident and a bad start for the Peace Court, harassed U.N. public relations officers permitted the mowing machine man to drown out the Albanian Agent, M. Kahreman Ylli, for a further two minutes before withdrawing for ever.

After the initial sitting an official reception was held. Among those present was the Russian judge. When he was introduced to the wife of a junior court official, horrified listeners heard the silly woman gush: "Russian! Oh, how interesting. Are you a Red or a White Russian?"

With magnificent judicial tact, Krylov told her solemnly: "Madame, I am from the north!"

Pleasant, learned people, all of them. But can these judges remain above and apart from the violent political lines of their fifteen different countries?

It's possible, yes; but, I fear, improbable.

SCIENCE AND THE SUNDAY JOINT

Test-tube men are bringing artificial insemination to the farmyard.

It's going to mean better beef and more of it • *by John May*

IN BRITAIN WE ARE HUNGRY for red meat. Down a microscope the other day I saw a strange, exciting portent of a bigger meat ration ahead. Prime "boffin beef" by the end of 1950, they told me. For scientists are taking an active interest in the Sunday joint, and on certain farms this summer will appear the preliminary results of queer microscopic goings-on which I glimpsed in a Welsh laboratory.

They will be the first of our artificially produced beef cattle. They will be sturdy enough to encourage farmers to rear them, instead of tying the young calves up in sacks, with only their heads out, and taking them to market to be slaughtered for veal.

Britain can't afford to eat veal. So, last year, the Ministry of Agriculture offered a calf-rearing subsidy of £4 per animal (£3 for a heifer calf) to stop this short-sighted slaughter of the innocents. The difficulty is that the calves must be worth rearing, or they won't pay—and, incidentally, won't qualify for the subsidy.

Eating the same food, grazing in the same meadow, two calves may grow up very differently. One will reach maturity and killing weight months before the other. It is a matter of breeding. The better-bred animal is always a bargain, both for the farmer and for the national larder.

Normally, when a farmer wants to improve his

herd, he "grades up" by buying a first-class pedigree bull. The calves are better than their dams and, bred upon by further pedigree bulls, the herd develops into a bunch of first-class cattle. But pedigree bulls cost hundreds (even thousands) of pounds, and there are not enough of them to go round. And this is where the test-tube experts come in.

In matters of reproduction, Nature hits her target not by sharp-shooting but by hurling a huge number of missiles. To grow one plant or animal, she sows seeds with a fantastically generous safety margin.

This gives the scientist his chance; for when a bull mates with a cow, enough male seeds are sown to fertilize a whole herd of cows. By artificial insemination it is possible for a bull to father a hundred or more calves at a time. The theoretical possibility of this has been known to biologists all over the world for many years. Its practical application to cattle breeding was taken up rapidly in Denmark, the United States, Sweden and Canada.

Two Years From Now

In Britain, most of the basic research was done at Cambridge. There, in 1942, a farmer, who is now head of the Dairy Husbandry Department of the Milk Marketing Board, started a practical A.I. scheme. In a couple of years from now, with

twenty-four main centres and sub-centres all over the country, this will be the largest single service of its kind in the world.

Last year, the M.M.B. cattle breeding centres inseminated seventy thousand cows. But, until October, the organization concentrated solely on improving *milking* herds. Dairy cattle and beef cattle, apart from some dual-purpose animals, are entirely different breeds. In October, the Ministry of Agriculture asked the M.M.B. to take on the extra job of *beef* A.I.

Good Calves From Scrubby Cows

The object was twofold. First, to improve the strains of beef cattle reared on British farms. Second, to get "beefable" calves from scrubby dairy cows that were not worth while as mothers of future milkers. To make sure the scheme caught on, beef inseminations were to be given free, though the dairy A.I. costs farmers 25s. a time.

Of the centres where the scheme is already in operation, Welshpool, just on the other side of the Welsh border, is typical. In charge is veterinary surgeon Kerry O'Sullivan. He controls two other centres in addition to Welshpool, where five hundred farmers are members. Apart from the dairy cow work, in six months his men have carried out more than a thousand beef inseminations.

This means a thousand beef-bred calves on farms in and around Shropshire, Staffordshire, Cheshire, Denbighshire and Montgomeryshire from July onwards. Calves will be better "doers," as the farmers say, as a result of being sired by pedigree bulls, and will provide bigger and earlier meat rations because of it.

This is only a beginning. The Free Beef Bull Insemination Scheme cannot be immediately available at every M.M.B. cattle breeding centre.

Many more bulls of the kinds that colour-mark their calves (Hereford, Aberdeen Angus and Galloway) have to be carefully selected. Before being bought and allocated to a centre, their ancestry and any offspring must be closely investigated; they themselves must be proved fertile and free from disease.

It all means extra transport, equipment and staff. The bulls will have to be groomed and exercised regularly, and fed on a ration with plenty of protein in it. Every half year they will have a health test and animals that do not pass with a clean sheet will be liable to be slaughtered.

Safety for Farmer And Consumer

Every farmer I know who keeps cattle has a bull story to tell: how the bull got loose and how the farmer or one of his men narrowly escaped injury or death. Artificial insemination will do away with this risk on thousands of farms. It will quickly uncover disease or infertility in the farms' cows. And, eventually, both beef and milk that owes its origin to this method will be available throughout the country.

We went into the roundhouse at Welshpool, where the first of the sires of tomorrow's beef calves are kept. Instead of the usual one or two bulls seen on most farms, here were more than a score. Huge animals, weighing as much as a dozen or fifteen men. Friesians, Holsteins (Canadian Friesians), Ayrshires, Shorthorns, Guernseys, and half a dozen



Richard Williams, senior inseminator. Microscope will pay its first dividends this summer



Bert Jones, head stockman, leads in bull. The new "beef" service is now free to all farmers
John Bull colour photographs by William Kemp

of the red-and-white Herefords which are the beef bulls.

They munched and ruminated in a curving row of tubular metal stalls and pens round the wall of the rotunda. Only the Guernsey (of a similar breed to Spain's fighting bulls) was horning violently at his gate; obviously a dangerous customer. The rest seemed tame enough.

Then, upset by his automatic drinking bowl getting stuck and running over, one bull started to protest. The stupendous uproar drowned all conversation. It stopped immediately when Richard Williams, senior inseminator at the centre, ran to his bellowing baby and turned off the water.

Williams has looked after his family of pedigree sires for two years. There are three other inseminators (all M.M.B. trained), two young stockmen, and two girl clerks in the office. They have in their care about £10,000 worth of bulls. To look after them at night, Tom Edwards, the assistant stockman, sleeps in a makeshift bedroom with the door incongruously labelled "Manager's Office."

The Cow, the Bull, the Decoy

Williams demonstrated every stage of the A.I. process. It begins in an annexe with an Ayrshire cow, the only female on the premises. She is tethered in a "crate" which has a laddered board running down either side of her. The cow cannot step sideways, but she could, and did, kick back at me. Sometimes a bullock, another bull, or even a dummy, is used for this job of decoy.

Then Bert Jones, the head stockman, leads in the bull. The animal is held by a bull-stick attached to the ring in its nose and is keenly aware of what is expected. Williams collects the specimen in a simple piece of veterinary apparatus. This is a fifteen-inch length of hosepipe. From the end, a short latex funnel leads to a glass test-tube, graduated in cubic centimetres up to ten.

There is a rota, and generally a bull is not called upon more than once in five days. Each collection is examined microscopically by Dick Williams, who decides how much liquid can be added to dilute it. The dilutant is equal parts of a citrate

"buffer" solution and egg yolks, and may be added up to a proportion of twenty-five to one. The result is that one normal collection from a bull is enough to inseminate 125 cows.

Diluted, the egg-yellow solution is put into a small flask holding up to 300 c.c. This is placed in a beaker of water and then cooled gradually to five degrees Centigrade (just above freezing) in an ordinary refrigerator. At this temperature, it will live in a dormant state for four or five days. The "beef" solution is distinguished from the "dairy" solution by dyeing it with a few drops of neutral red.

Farmers requiring the services of the centre telephone early in the morning. The call is booked and goes on the day's route for one of the inseminators. He has his test-tubes of various solutions, corked and labelled. Each contains 15-20 c.c. of yellow or red solution. They are packed with cotton wool and ice into a wide-mouthed vacuum container, similar to the flasks for keeping a drink hot.

On arrival at the farm, the inseminator uses one cubic centimetre of the red solution for each cow. He records the facts, and then is away to his dozen or twenty other calls, telephoning back to the office once or twice in the day to pick up the addresses of any extras.

There are, no doubt, many sincere people who hold that this artificial insemination of cattle is wrong. Their view is that reproduction among the beasts of the field should take place only in Nature's own way. But to me, as much as the manna sent down from Heaven to the hungry Israelites in the wilderness, this thing is a miracle.

A very necessary miracle, too. As a nation, we are getting too hard up to eat meat. We're eating our Argentine railways, and we can't eat them twice. But there is hope in our own efforts. James Turner, the farmers' leader, says: "We have not touched the fringe of our potentialities. We can tremendously increase our production."

The beef artificial insemination scheme is one way in which we are doing it. Science is fighting for us all along the line on the farming and food front. And the farmers are following up.

Island Story

There's still plenty of humour and variety in Britain today. Let's have your personal experiences—they'll win a guinea if published

I ONLY WANTED A REEL of cotton, so when I saw the long queue outside the draper's I almost decided to leave it for the day. However, nobody appeared to be going in so I walked past the line of women and entered the empty shop.

After I'd made my purchase I asked the shop-girl what the queue was for. "Oh, they make me sick," she said angrily. "I happened to tell a customer yesterday that I might have a few nylons in today. When I arrived this morning the queue had started. The shop's been open an hour, and if they haven't the wit to come in and ask, I'm not going out to them."

She willingly sold me a pair of nylons, and when I got outside I saw the queue was twenty yards longer. It showed no signs of moving.—Miss N. D., Redhill, Surrey. (Full name and address enclosed.)



THE LOCAL MARKET MAN was reaching the day's end. "Here you are," he shouted. "A real austerity handbag: a purse inside for the money you ain't got and a mirror so you can watch yourself starve to death."—Andrew Brown, 433 Stockport Road, Denton, Manchester.



WHILE I WAS IN THE BUTCHER'S recently, a customer came in to collect her rations. "What, mutton again!" she remarked with disgust. "Much more of this, and I'll be going round bleating baa-baa."

"Well, missus," said the butcher, "You've been having beef off me all these years, and I expect it's made you what you are. But I've never actually heard you go moo-moo yet!"—J. G. Towns, 4 St. John's Place, Montrose, Angus.



AT A FOOTBALL MATCH I heard two men arranging to go to the cup-tie by car. "But how can you use your car?" one of them asked. "Oh, it's easy," the other replied. "I just chuck a bundle of potato sacks in the back and I'm a potato merchant."—James F. Roy, York Place, Newburgh, Fife.



IT WAS AT A MAY DAY PROCESSION last year that I overheard an old lady ask an Indian student, "Are there many natives here today?"

"I think they nearly all are," he told her. "There are only a handful of us coloured folk."

—John Coyle, 39 Peat Road, Nitshill, Glasgow.



DIALOGUE I HEARD one Friday afternoon here: First Lancashire housewife (carrying two well-packed shopping bags): "A've been up in t'street and there's nowt in shops, nowt at all."

Second ditto (also with two fully loaded bags): "Same wi' me. Ah've been all over t'place and ah can't get owt. Ah'm fed up to t'teeth."—F. W. Hooper, 77 Taylor Lane, Denton, Manchester.

It looks like a Classic Final

Whichever side wins at Wembley, the special tactics of Manchester United promise a Final in the old tradition

by Alan Hoby

IT IS THIRTY-NINE YEARS since Manchester United last won the F.A. Cup. In 1909 they beat Bristol City 1-0 at the Crystal Palace. On that—for them—memorable afternoon, they were graced by the glittering presence of the Welsh wizard, Billy Meredith, and they proved themselves a great team even in that golden age of football.

Now, four decades later, Manchester are in the Final again. This time they meet Blackpool in the vast grey-green bowl of Wembley Stadium. Unfortunately, the "golden age" of pure soccer science and delightful craft has not kept pace with the crowds and cash which a Wembley Cup Final now pulls in. The craft disappeared from the game a long time ago.

Today, our soccer standards are frankly puerile. There is neither method nor mobility in most of the stuff served up. Accent in this speed-dazzled era is on defence—on goal-saving, and the building up of dour, regimented rearguards determined at all costs to keep the other side out.

So Dull Last Year

Where has this obsession with all that is negative and stereotyped in football got us? Take a look at the record.

Last year's Cup Final was the dulllest ever. Only the other day the cream of our amateurs were thrashed by the Netherlands *second* team. And it is quite likely that Italy will beat England in the "prestige" international at Turin in May.

Again, in the old days there would be half a dozen outstanding players competing for every position in our international team. Nowadays if you can find eleven really outstanding footballers in the country you'll be lucky.

One of them is Stanley Mortensen of Blackpool—the man who saved us against the Swedes at High-bury last year. If any player can win the Cup for Blackpool it will be this boy with fire in his feet.

But, all round, it is tragically true that what was known as football on that afternoon in 1909 when, according to an old-time critic, "Meredith and Wall, the Manchester wing forwards . . . gave a marvellous exhibition of their amazing skill" is today mostly a myth.

There is no need to despair, however. If any side can bring back football's golden age it is the 1948 Manchester United team. Meredith, I am sure, would be proud to play for them. They have ideas. They move as one progressive unit. They are jet-fast. They have method. Above all, they have discovered the sure way to all soccer success: how to beat, baffle and bamboozle the "stopper," the defensive centre-half.

They do it by a simple stratagem called the



Matt Busby, United manager, who devised a plan to beat and baffle the "stopper"

Busby Switch. Matt Busby, the old Scottish international wing half, who now manages Manchester, explains it this way: "All the years I was playing in League football or for Scotland; I saw that the one man you had got to beat before you could open the goal route was the stopper. With a defensive centre-half you must have someone at centre-forward capable of drawing him away from the middle.

"Hence the switch. The opposing centre-half never knows where Rowley, my centre-forward, is going to be. One moment he is dashing out to the left. The next he is out on the right. Meanwhile another forward moves into the open space in the middle—waiting for the pass that always comes."

Fortunately for Busby he has the perfect set-up for this slick and bewildering change-over. He got Rowley, his centre-forward, for £3,000 from Bournemouth—as an *outside-left*. The balding, bounding, match-winning Delaney came from Glasgow Celtic for £4,000—as an *outside-right*. Yet Delaney played for Scotland against England last year at centre-forward and this year at *outside-right*! And Rowley is ranked as one of the most dangerous leaders in the country.

Perhaps the greatest Manchester match-winner of

them all is quiet, methodical Stanley Pearson, who played his first game for England a few weeks back. "He's a great boy," says Matt.

Analysed, the Manchester victory blueprint is simply that every forward is a centre-forward. The opposing centre-half never knows whom to mark. Another factor in United's astonishing success this season—they are strong claimants as runners-up in the League—is the uncanny positioning and kicking of their captain, Carey.

Here is the perfect full-back. The "compleat" footballer who never wastes a ball and is so cool he sends a draught through the opposition. Reason for Carey's foolproof technique is that he is no fly-by-night footballer but a skilled craftsman who has played in both full-back positions and at centre-half, wing half and inside forward.

A Sparkling Trio

All in all, it will, I believe, be a good thing for football, from the long-range viewpoint, if Manchester carries off the Cup. We want more teams like the United.

On the other hand, Blackpool, too, is a good side—worthy of the Cup. They unquestionably have the finest right-wing triangle in football—Matthews, Mortensen and Harry Johnston. Any one of this trio can win a match on his own. The greatest compliment I can pay the wizard of dribble is to say simply that Matthews is the Meredith of his day. At his best, he is impossible to touch. At right-half, Johnston, Blackpool's captain, has one of the longest throw-ins in football. Against the 'Spurs in the semi-final I saw him hurl the ball right from the half-way line into the penalty area.

Once the respective sides have controlled the butterflies that swarm around every footballer's stomach in the opening period at Wembley, we should see one of the best Finals for years.

We all know that nothing is certain at Wembley, that many a favourite has been unhorsed by the tenseness and excitement of the occasion—Huddersfield by Blackburn in 1928, Arsenal by Newcastle in 1932, Wolverhampton by Portsmouth in 1939. So, although I favour Manchester's chances, I wouldn't like to stake my shirt on them. But what I do feel certain of is that Manchester's streamlined strategy of attack will make the game a fine spectacle for the 90,000 spectators at Wembley.

They should see a Cup Final worthy of the golden age of football.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

WITH an intensity not a whit less than that of Wembley's Cup Finalists, the tough-looking centre-forward has just flashed a daisy-clipping shot past the dismayed goalie's nose. Behind him a team-mate acclaims the score with triumphant whoops. Scene of this historic struggle, now recorded for posterity by Douglas L. Mays in his cover painting, is a pitch at the bottom of the artist's Buckinghamshire garden, loaned to the local boys when the adult home team is away. This was just one of the many grim battles, with no quarter asked or given, that have diverted Mays on Saturday afternoons without putting him to the bother of getting tickets for "headlined" matches.



FREE SPEECH

ON RAIL WAGONS: TOO MUCH CARELESS LOADING

ON FUEL METERS: WHY MUST CONSUMERS PAY?

ON JOBS: ABILITY NOT OPINIONS SHOULD COUNT

I AM A CHECKWEIGHER at the railway siding of one of the biggest cocoa and chocolate manufacturers in the country and I am amazed at the wastage of wagons at a time when we are so short of rolling stock.

During a period of six days recently we received 121 trucks of cocoa beans. Of this number only one truck contained a load of ten tons. Twenty had nine tons, and thirty-four carried eight. The remainder were loaded with various weights of from two tons upwards.

This is no isolated instance. It is happening all the time. If only dock and colliery loaders would pay a little more attention to their jobs there would be an enormous increase in rolling stock capacity. — HAROLD EVANS, 34 Selly Avenue, Selly Oak, Birmingham, 29.

Meter Renting is Unjust

NOW THAT THE GAS and electricity undertakings have been nationalised, I hope the Government will consider putting an end to meter renting.

These meters are the property of the companies and are needed by them for the running of their business, yet the consumers are forced to pay a rental on them. This is an injustice which consumers have long felt should be ended.

Meters are as much a part of the companies' running equipment as gas pipes and cables for which no separate charge is asked. — MRS. L. KEELER, 44 The Croft, South Ruislip, Middlesex.

Something to Sing About

HAVE WE NO BRITISH song writers? Last year Princess Elizabeth celebrated her coming of age and her marriage, yet there was no song published which captured the public fancy.

This year their Majesties celebrate their silver wedding.

Events like these are something to sing about, high spots in a drab austerity life. Surely there is a lyricist somewhere in the land who can do justice to such occasions. — G. C. HOGG, 18 West View, Blackhill, Co. Durham.

Purge is Dangerous

WHILE BEING interviewed for an appointment with a well-known engineering firm, I was, to my astonishment, asked: "What are your political opinions, and what is your religion?"

I am not a Communist, but I do object strongly to this type of inquisition and feel that the Government has given a dangerous lead with its purge.

We laughed at the Un-American Activities Committee, but if private firms are going to pervert the limited security measures of the Government for wider ends, it is time we started looking to our liberties.

What a dangerous precedent for a man's job to depend on his opinions and not his capabilities. — N. W. BEAN, 22 The Crescent, Greenhithe, Kent.

Miracle Baby?

DR. HARVEY GRAHAM's article, "3,000 Babies Get a New Chance to Live" (JOHN BULL, April 3) interested me very much as I am a Rhesus negative mother.

Dr. Graham states, "The first baby is healthy," but, in my case, out of five pregnancies only my third child was born alive and well. My first baby was stillborn, the next a miscarriage, then a healthy live daughter, another mis-



N. W. Bean



Off to U.S.: Rhesus blood case Mrs. E. J. Jones, mentioned by Dr. Harvey Graham in recent article. Baby's blood was changed at birth

carriage, and lastly a stillborn daughter.

It was only after the birth of my last child that the doctor discovered that my blood was Rhesus negative. Now I'm beginning to wonder if my one live child, who is aged six and a half years, was a miracle baby. — MRS. D. P., Middlesex. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Medical Books Didn't Say

BEFORE HAVING HER last baby, my wife's blood test showed her to be Rhesus negative. Naturally greatly interested in the subject, we hunted through many medical and health books, but were unable to learn anything further until reading Dr. Harvey Graham's interesting article. — E. PICKERING, 57 Hillside Road, Ackworth, Yorks.

Women Can Crusade . . .

I WISH MORE WOMEN held such strong views as Mrs. F. Pennington, who wrote that women were "positively sick of men quarrelling and warring each generation" and advocated united action for peace by womenfolk (JOHN BULL, April 3).

A movement of the type she suggests might become universal. So go ahead, you women. Make history. The founders of the movement may become crusaders in a new era of feminine greatness. — KENNETH WINCHESTER, Dunmow Hall, Newton in Bowland, Clitheroe, Lancs.

. . . If They Pull Up Their Socks

MRS. PENNINGTON ATTACKS men's evil war-making. "They revel in destruction," she says; but have women ever revelled in political construction?

Electoral changes have given them for some years an enormous voting majority. In one constituency, for example, women voters are now in a majority of over 16,000, though at one time they were in a minority of 2,000.

Women's share of responsibility for politicians' sins and omissions is clear. Not until they pull up their socks shall we get that sorely needed new outlook. — CAPTAIN G. C. C. HENDERSON, Downhead, West Camel, Yeovil.

Nursing Mothers Only

SPECIAL COMPARTMENTS should be provided for nursing mothers on long train journeys.

I suffered great embarrassment on one trip. Congratulating myself on having an empty compartment, I was just about to feed my baby son, then a few weeks old, when at the next station in walked four men. My baby went hungry!

On behalf of the many young mothers who urgently need this consideration, I hope something will soon be done. — MRS. EDITH MORRIS, 26 Oakholme Road, Sheffield, 10.

Men Prefer Comfort

WHERE ON EARTH DID Peggy Carn, writer of the article "Dandyism Isn't Dead" (JOHN BULL, April 3) get the idea that a man wants clothes to make him look successful? Most men think more of their comfort than their

appearance. However, I couldn't agree more with her statement that "the time is ripe for a battledress lounge suit." A battledress-type tunic and corduroy slacks are about the most sensible combination I can think of for men's wear.

I'm enthusiastic, too, about "buying a paper pattern of a new spring suit and running it up on the sewing machine." — GEORGE YOUNG GIBB, Jr., 34 Barshaw Drive, Paisley, Scotland.

Cover Painting in Poor Taste . . .

THE COVER PAINTING of the boys in the National Gallery (JOHN BULL, April 3) is in very poor taste, encouraging as it does the old idea that a bespectacled child is a figure of fun.

On behalf of all children with "four eyes" I can tell you that you have unthinkingly added to their burden. As a schoolmaster bespectacled since the age of twelve I know. — H. G. BOWLES, "North Holt," Station Road, Woburn Sands, Bletchley, Bucks.

. . . Best Yet

YOUR COVER ILLUSTRATION of the boys in the art gallery is, I think, the best yet. How it revives nostalgic memories. What boy would not prefer comics to Old Masters—except the earnest student shown? — THOMAS MORRISON, 8 Garnet Grove, Leeds, 11.

Red Tape Mountain

WHILE AGREEING with Claud Morris's statements on hill farming in his article "Let's Sharpen Our Ploughs and Confound the Jeremiahs" (JOHN BULL, April 3), I should like to mention my own frustrating experience.

Last October I applied for a grant to plough up a piece of mountain, and submitted a rough plan to the Ministry of Agriculture at Aberystwyth. It was then referred to the County Agricultural Executive Committee at Cardiff, and the mountain was inspected by the Hill Farming Officer.

Next I was asked to submit another detailed report to the Hill Farming Officer, who sent it to the Ministry of Agriculture in Whitehall. From there it was passed back to the Sands Utilization Officer for the county, who recommended acceptance, but I must still wait for the National Advisory Committee to meet before I know whether I am eligible for a grant after all.

So if I can start ploughing my mountain by 1950 I will consider myself lucky. — W. THOMAS JOHN, Gellerhaid Ucha Farm, Tonyrefail, Glam.

Smallholdings Solve Problem

AS A YOUNG EX-SERVICEMAN and former Agricultural student, I was roused by what Claud Morris had to say on the future of our farming.

No doubt there are hundreds like myself who have completed the arduous training, yet are unable to secure a smallholding. Claud Morris's plan for parcelling derelict land into smallholdings is the answer to our problem. — J. A. WALTON, 10 Pennine View, Stalybridge, Cheshire.

Because of space shortage only a limited selection of the many readers' letters submitted can be printed. If your views are squeezed out, it does not mean that they have been overlooked by the Editor. For every letter used, John Bull pays one guinea. Letters should be marked "Free Speech" and carry the full name and address of sender for publication.



W. Thomas John



Mrs. Edith Morris

WITH MY FEET UP



Is Shakespeare Funny?

THIS COLUMN is going highbrow this week. The reason is that April 23 is Shakespeare's birthday. One thing I can never understand is why Shakespeare wrote such unfunny humour.

The actors do their best. In the comic scenes, they punctuate every sentence with gusts of laughter, hoping to persuade the audience that the dialogue is funny. They bang each other about, fall over, and drink quarts of ale, but even these antics cannot disguise the fact that several radio comedians have better laugh lines.

The average Shakespearean comedy scene goes something like this:

First Actor: A cup is a cup and a mug is a mug, I'll warrant ye, ha-ha-ha-ha!

Second Actor: Marry, † sweet knave, but this is excellent wit. (Slaps thigh.) He-he-he-ha-ha!

First Actor: And, by my halidom, ‡ a cup cannot be mugged nor a mug cupped, ho-ho-he-he-he!

Second Actor (hits First Actor on the back): Odsbodikins, § ha-ha-ha, methinks your fooling will split my sides asunder like the seven mermaids of Myrmidon. || Ho-ho-ho!!

First Actor (falls over and lies drinking on floor): But ale can be cupped and ale can be mugged, so by Sir Rory's doublet ¶ . . .

The rest is drowned by the Second Actor's laughter. And just as well.

This sort of thing goes on until all those on the stage are so helpless with laughter that there is nothing left for them to do but to totter off into the wings holding their sides.

There is nothing left for the audience to do but to totter off to the bar and make appropriate choking noises. However, they may remember ruefully that in Shakespeare's day the audiences could get beer at a half-penny a gallon, or something like that. Which perhaps explains why they found such dialogue funny.

*As any schoolboy knows, you can't have Shakespeare without footnotes.

† Nothing to do with marriage.

‡ Halidom=halidom, or halidome. Short for "gadzoos," an oath.

§ Supposed by many authorities to be a corruption of "dogsbody."

|| Professor Trimble, eminent Shakespearean scholar, opines that this should be "the seven barmaids of Barmidon."

¶ Just one of those things. No one knows what it means.

by Ian Fox

Scissors and Taste...

WHAT A WAY SPRING has of making the most timid of us want to be adventurous! Of course, the woman - about - the - house, immersed in domestic routine, needs a change even more, perhaps, than she needs a rest. And that is one reason why the New Look is catching on.

Even the menfolk have begun to get conditioned to the new silhouette. My husband remarks "She isn't in the fashion" when we pass someone whose short skirt barely reaches the knee.

His reaction to styles in shop windows is becoming more favourable, I notice, although "Awful" is still his reply—and quite rightly—when I ask his opinion on an extreme model with little frills and flounces bursting out all over the place. On the other hand, he used to condemn the exaggerated coat-hanger shoulders of the past even more.

Like most men, so long as the line is simple and good, he's for it. Perhaps that's why, when he came in the other evening to find the sitting-room looking like a bargain basement, he seemed interested rather than put out.

We Pooled Resources

A friend and I had been having a field-day. She'd brought round a suitcase full of clothes. I'd emptied my wardrobe and dug into the trunk where oddments of the "may come in useful" kind are stored. Since the New Look often calls for rather drastic dress surgery, we decided to pool our resources.

My friend is a head shorter than I, which is useful. I've swapped her a dress and a coat for some short lengths of material. My clothes don't look worn, because I belong to the school of "a few good things that last." They last so long, in fact, that I get heartily sick of them as a rule. So long as fashion remained more or less static it didn't seem worth while to re-model. Now, however, the story is different.

Liking variety, my friend snapped at the chance of adding to her repertoire without much expenditure. While she "modelled," I was able to remove some padding, lower and round the shoulders and pin a dart or two in the waist. Little else will be needed. A skirt that is short on me is just right for her.

My own "making over" calls for rather more work and ingenuity, but I find that a challenge. A black crêpe summer frock, for instance, is having two bands of taffeta added to the hem. The belt, opened out flat and cut in half, will be inserted between them. With sleeves and the square neckline finished to match, and a big taffeta bow at the

can produce a home-made New Look from outcasts brought out of the wardrobe • says Kay Smallshaw



The New Look women of the eighties in Renoir's painting, "The Umbrellas," have a dress trick that's worth copying

narrowed waistline, I'll feel it's a new dress.

Coats are more difficult because the heavily padded shoulders require more alteration. Taking out the pads, making them more flat and moving them in an inch will often do the trick.

We looked at my friend's scarlet coat in despair for quite a while. Unbelted, with narrow hem and not very generous turnings, there seemed no possibility of giving it a new lease of life. Then came inspiration. Cut it shorter—tunic length, in fact. It will look very swaggy over a long, narrow skirt. We're making a belt with the piece from the bottom to give definition to the midriff.

Longer skirts and neater waists are obvious objectives when you start to make-over. Not everyone realizes at first that the apparently close-fitting little bodices need to be "easy" across the front to give the right silhouette. It's all a question of optical illusion.

Huge built-out shoulders tended to make hips look narrow. That was the

ideal of the mannish, old-look fashions. Now the focus has altered. Waists, to look feminine and trim, must have a curve above and below.

With most of us, there's no trouble about the below! Not one woman in ten thousand will do anything but laugh at the idea of hip-padding. Nature attends to that quite satisfactorily.

But what about the upper curve? In dressmaker's jargon, the answer is to "pass" fullness from the side seams towards the front. Below the bosom, the fullness is narrowed away by darts. Everything is then lovely, provided, of course, that the contour beneath is right.

What I'm waiting for but haven't seen yet is a fashion campaign to alter the line of the "foundations." When, some twenty years ago, the flat-as-a-board outline of the immediate postwar years gave way to clothes not dissimilar to our New Look ones, the brassière really began to come into its own.

Starting as a modest "bandeau" or "bust bodice," with not a great deal of shape, it progressed through two decades to being a marvel of cutting and design. The ideal was for every woman to look as if she had an excessively high, pointed and separated "figure." It went quite well with the coat-hanger shoulders, toning down their extreme masculinity by the reminder that women had a shape of their own after all.

Now, with shoulders smooth and more natural-looking, logic would suggest that a little more womanly roundness and not quite so much emphasis on "separation" is the next step.

Seductively Feminine

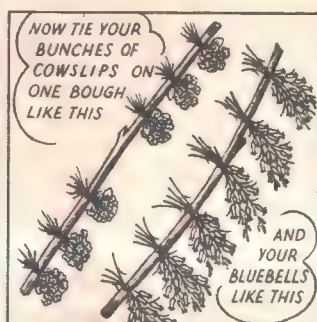
Recently in London, I went into the National Gallery. At the top of the entrance staircase hangs Renoir's exquisite symphony in dark blue, "The Umbrellas." You may know it, for reproductions are popular.

The painting fixes on canvas a group of passers-by on a showery day in the eighties. The women in the picture all have a bloom of seductive femininity that makes the visitor stop and look his fill.

In their attire, Renoir's women are exuberantly New Look. Such yards of material as go into their skirts are today neither practical or desirable, but in the line of those trim little bodices there seems to me to lie a secret that we might do worse than copy.

Flowers a bit bedraggled after the picnic? Uncle Andy is here to show the Twins how to carry them . . . and, next week, what to do with them at home

UNCLE ANDY



AS SHE CLOSED the front gate, Mrs. Cole turned, her mature features thoughtful. She surveyed the front of her home critically—the wide bay windows, the recessed front door, the garage fronted by an oval lawn, banked flower beds bordering the short, gravelled drive.

Determinedly she nodded to herself. Newly redecorated, the house was made to look neglected by the faded and worn curtains. Yes, she *must* get that curtaining material advertised in the morning paper—coupon free and special sale price. Slipping her deep shopping bag on to her wrist she hurried away.

Her thoughts were of the two children's lunch as she entered the store. Glancing at her wrist watch she saw she had only half an hour to spare. She threaded a passage through the crowded shop, every department packed with opening-of-sale bargain hunters.

She wondered whether she wasn't already too late. If only Brian and Gwen had hurried a little over their breakfasts, and John hadn't delayed going to the office, she could have reached the store earlier.

"Have you any of that coupon-free curtaining left?" she asked, and the assistant briefly shook her head. Mrs. Cole turned away, disappointed. Now, of course, it meant coupons—unless she paid a fantastic price for the couponless fabrics.

She stood, hesitant. She could, of course, afford it but really the price was wicked. She picked up a hanging drape, examining it, fingering its thick texture, and glancing at the price as she checked her pencilled measurements. Her mind revolted at the cost.

These stores, she thought in anger, were making fortunes with their wicked prices. It was no wonder people were no longer so honest as they used to be—with high costs, black markets, fiddling and all this under-the-counter business.

Not that she had ever taken any part in it, but she *did* know that that woman next door bribed her butcher for extra meat, and that the couple across the Avenue were *never* short of anything. It just wasn't fair, the way things worked out, and she with two healthy, hungry, teen-age schoolchildren to feed as well as John and herself.

If she had the coupons to spare she could buy some of that Utility material; it was quite attractive and cost a lot less. But she simply dare not use so many coupons. She turned away and struggled



SHOPLIFTER

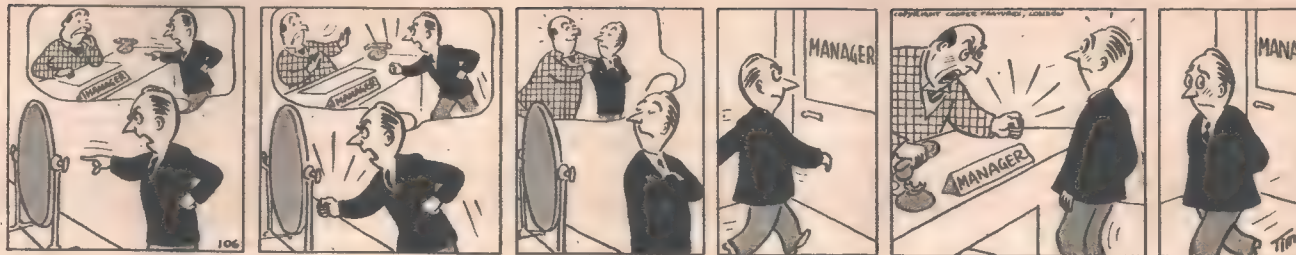
by Basil F. Deakin
ILLUSTRATED BY KOOLMAN

Temptation can sneak up on us all—even on a rich woman whose purse lacked only one thing

Shoppers screened her from the counter. The lovely blue blouse defeated her conscience

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM



through the other shoppers towards the distant exit.

As she pushed her way through a brightly lighted section in which a crowd of women were concentrated around a hidden attraction, she paused, tilted on to her toes, peering.

Blouses. She felt a tugging desire as her eyes alighted on the soft mountains of colourful shades smothering the glass-topped counters. She recalled the skirt she had bought two months ago and which she had never yet worn because of lack of a blouse. Coupons, she said to herself, always coupons. The children's demands were never-ending.

How could she ever dress smartly when all the time she must first think of Gwen and Brian, then the house. Gwen, nearing sixteen and now wanting clothes for all sorts of occasions; Brian, just fourteen, growing like a giant, urgently needing a new sports jacket, a longer raincoat, new flannels.

It was useless even thinking of a blouse for herself. Yet, if it was only a question of money, she could afford half-a-dozen. A hopeless frustration stirred her.

As she made to walk away the crowd swirled, brushed her aside, then closed round her, forcing her against the counter. Almost against her will she picked up a blouse, a soft shade of pastel blue in crêpe-de-chine.

She held it up, examining it while mentally she counted the coupons in her bag, doing sums of debit and credit even as she told herself it was impossible. She looked at the other women, their attentions absorbed each in their own selection or want. The two assistants were coping with a dozen customers at once.

Mrs. Cole looked longingly at the blouse, measuring it against herself. She essayed a peep into a mirror, then saw another, full-length glass in the background. Telling herself that she had no intention of succumbing to the temptation to buy, she fought her way free of the counter and stood in front of the long mirror, posing the blouse against herself, her handbag under one arm, her empty shopping bag on her other wrist.

Yes, it was her style, and the shade perfect. She looked at the ticket, nodding. She certainly could easily afford it, but—the coupons. Almost angrily she dropped her arms and turned round. She could see nothing but people's backs. They screened her from the counter.

Mrs. Cole's brain worked with a speed that was quicker by far than her conscience. In a split second the blouse was crumpled into the bottom of her bag.

Only as she felt the bag's leather base, the blouse clinging softly between her fingers as she thrust it under the wrapping papers she always carried in the bag, did she wake to what she had done.

Her defensive mechanism came into play. She hadn't planned to take the blouse and—and she would be perfectly willing to pay for it—it was only because of the coupons. She could post the money to the store anonymously. And, anyway, the store could afford it.

Her mind refused to acknowledge her action any further. Instead a welter of

self-pity swept over her. Stealing, not because of shortage of money, but because she was desperate for things every woman longs for and needs—nice clothes. And what was one little blouse?

She was suddenly very afraid. She must get away, out of the store. She edged her way among the other women, her eyes looking right and left as she struggled to reach the exit.

The swing doors at last. She pushed through and stepped into the street. As she stepped clear of the entrance and reached the pavement, a hand touched her arm, a cold voice spoke. "Madam, I must ask you to come back with me into the store."

Of the next moments, Mrs. Cole had only a misty knowledge, until she found herself in an austere office in which were two other women and a man, staring at her with expressionless faces. She realized she had been speaking; her tongue was dry against the roof of her mouth.

"I'm afraid your statement is not true." The man's voice was frigid. "That blouse," pointing to it where it still remained, at the bottom of her shopping bag, "has not been paid for."

His eyes were very hard as he stared at her. "We have far too much stealing from our store to pass over your theft and, as is our custom, we have sent for the police." "Ah"—as a knock at the door heralded the arrival of a plain-clothes policeman—"Good morning, Sergeant. Madam, this is Detective-Sergeant Baker. Sergeant, I am charging this woman with stealing this blouse from our shop."

The sergeant spoke to her. "Have you any answer to this charge, madam?"

Her look of fear gave him an answer more conclusive than anything she could say. His experience told him that she was guilty.

A police car was at the back entrance and within five minutes she was stumbling up the steps into the police station, the sergeant carrying the shopping bag. The desk sergeant entered the charge in his book as she collapsed on to a seat.

He emptied her handbag on to his desk, listing its contents, placing money and valuables in sealed envelopes, retaining her nail scissors and a tiny penknife, but returning the bag and its remaining contents.

Sergeant Baker addressed her. "Do you admit the theft, Mrs. Cole? Remember, we have all the evidence of your having stolen the blouse, and if you admit it, and plead guilty when you go in front of the magistrate, it may make it easier for you."

In front of the magistrate! "Do I enter your statement that you admit the theft?" The desk sergeant interrupted her thoughts, and helplessly she nodded.

"Have you ever been convicted before?" She shook her head.

"Would you allow me to take your finger-prints?" Sergeant Baker asked.

Take her finger-prints! At that, Mrs. Cole's misery touched its lowest level. She heard her voice saying yes. She felt the sergeant ink each of her fingers in turn and roll them to and fro on a white

form, then bemusedly saw him write her name, age, details of her appearance and address on the sheet.

"All right." He looked at her, his expression kindly. "Now we'll see if we can find you a cup of tea."

His kindness was wasted. She retched at the thought of tea, her nerves jumping hysterically as she pictured her children, soon due home from school, wondering where their mother had got to—no dinner ready for them.

What had she done to them? What would they think of her, what might they say? No, they would say nothing, they loved her too much; that she knew, but she could already see the look in their eyes. Her tears found expression at last and she collapsed, shaking and sobbing. A policewoman came towards her.

"Come along, Mrs. Cole." Her voice was void of emotion as she spoke. "I'm afraid you'll have to be put into a cell until after the lunch recess, when you will appear before the magistrate." She slid her hand under Mrs. Cole's arm.

The door of the cell shut behind her, the key turned in the lock. She stared at her confining surrounds, at the smooth, dark-tiled high walls, the closely barred thick glass window that lay above the level of her head, the radiator sunk into the end wall, the dim electric light bulb hidden behind grilled and wired glass, the long plank fixed to the wall, with its double fold of dark, coarse blankets at its head, the matless, cold floor.

For half-an-hour she paced up and down the narrow cell, holding her aching head as her eyes came back again and again to the door, the handleless door which was cutting her off from the world, her home, her family.

She jumped as the door unexpectedly opened. The policewoman beckoned her. "You're lucky," she said. "Your case is coming up before lunch, after all. The last case this morning."

Sergeant Baker was waiting in the dimly lighted corridor. "Now, listen," he instructed her. "When you go into

the dock, Mrs. Cole, plead guilty, and when the magistrate asks if you have anything to say, tell him you are very sorry. I shall give evidence against you"—his tone, though firm, was not unkind—"but I shall inform him that this is your first offence, and that you have a young family. I hope it may influence him to treat you leniently."

Her face went very white. And at that moment the door to the court opened and a loud voice called "Alice Joan Cole."

Alice — Joan — Cole. Her name, being shouted aloud by a stranger. That other time she had heard it pronounced in full had been only this morning, at breakfast, when her husband had playfully jolted her out of household thoughts as she planned her day. *Planned her day!*

She was terribly aware of curious faces all round staring at her, a crowd of idlers at the back watching her, the jailer ushering her into the high stepped dock; of facing towards the raised dais at the end of the courtroom, and staring up at a man who scrutinized her through his spectacles.

"Guilty." It was her own dull voice answering the clerk's question, and vaguely she was aware that the sergeant was taking the oath, giving his evidence. The magistrate asked him questions—about her, about her family. They—*they*, being dragged into this.

Sergeant Baker spoke crisply. He told the magistrate that this was her first offence.

The magistrate swung towards her. "Alice Joan Cole." Again her name in full, and as she heard it her eyes wavered round the court and fixed on two men seated at a long bench beside the witness box, scribbling pads in front of them.

Publicity! This terrible thing in the papers, her husband's acquaintances, her own . . . Brian's chums, Gwen's girl friends. . . . All of them reading it, whispering and talking of her. A shop-lifter, a thief.

Too many of these mean, petty thefts. Her senses returned as the magistrate's cold words reached her. "Yours is not a case of a woman in need. You are in a position of sound standing, as the detective sergeant has stated, and in your handbag was sufficient to pay for this stolen article many times over. I have these cases before me, day after day, of women in good social positions, well respected in their own circles, wives and mothers who are looked up to by their husbands and families, standing in that dock, proven thieves. Fines have proved abortive as a detriment. Only the fear of prison will halt this spate of shoplifting. I am afraid." His voice stopped and she tensed herself.

"Have you anything to say?" Mrs. Cole forced words from dry lips. "I—I'm very . . . sorry."

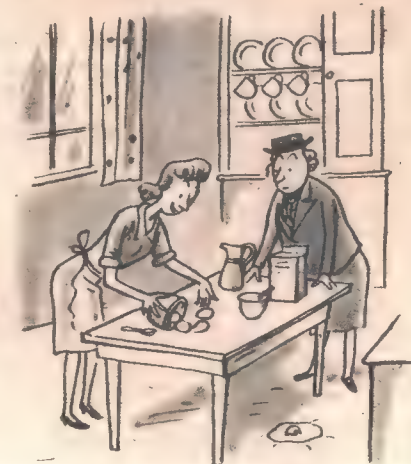
It sounded so hopelessly inadequate, so flat and useless. The silence seemed never ending as her eyes were held by his stare. Then his mouth opened and he spoke.

"I am going to give you another chance."

She distantly registered his stern reproof, his cutting remarks, the penalty he imposed—a fine of twenty pounds. At last his voice fell silent, the usher touched her arm and she was stepping down from the dock.

As she did so, her eyes brimming with the tears of released tension, she glanced again across the court, to the bench at which the reporters had been sitting. She saw them snapping shut their notebooks as they rose.

When Mrs. Cole left the court's precincts, twenty minutes later, she knew that her punishment was not only that meted out by the magistrate from his dais, high above the court floor.



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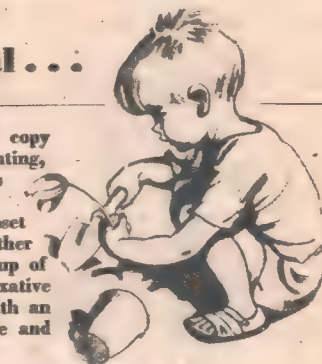
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Continued on page 22

No.

AS I WAS SAYING . . . by HERBERT HODGE



I've always envied the lordly life of the commercial traveller—gadding around at the firm's expense

Oh, To Be A Salesman!

ONE OF THE ARTS I've never been able to learn is the art of making money. It has always seemed to me that a man seldom makes money by making things. The big money seems only to flow into the hands of the man who is good at selling things.

I've often wished I could be a successful salesman. I've always envied the lordly life of the commercial traveller—gadding around the country at the firm's expense and doing nothing but talk to people; and yet, in some mysterious way, steadily piling up more and more money in the bank. What is it these chaps have got that I haven't got?

I suppose things are simpler for a salesman today than they were in pre-war days. Then, the problem was to persuade people to buy something that they might not feel they needed. Nowadays, I suppose it's more a question of deciding how much you can let them have. I think I might almost succeed in making a living as a salesman myself under present conditions.

Provided, that is, the customers would come to me, instead of my having to go to them. It's the introductory stuff that beats me—walking up to a complete stranger and breaking the ice.

Can't Drive a Bargain

Poverty's driven me into making an effort, now and again. But I can't remember that I've ever succeeded in selling anything to anybody; except bits of my own home to second-hand furniture dealers—which hardly comes under the head of profitable transactions.

Once, when I was out of work, I was offered a job selling a petrol-saving gadget to garages on commission. I spent a whole morning trying to screw up sufficient courage to enter the first garage, and finally gave up in despair. Another time, I answered a newspaper

advertisement for a potato-crisp salesman; a good job this, with a salary attached to it and a van to drive round in.

To my surprise, I eventually got a reply, asking me to attend for an interview. Meanwhile, I'd got a £3 a week job as a chauffeur. And when it came to the point, and I thought of myself walking into all kinds of strange places with a bag of potato-crisps in my hand—and then trying to explain—my heart failed me. So I didn't even go up for the interview. That was over twenty years ago.

Silly of me. Because, when you consider how popular potato-crisps have since become, I might have made a fortune.

The Chances Are There

There's no getting away from it. The opportunities are there, if only a chap can screw up the courage, or the gall, or whatever it is, to take advantage of them. But I suppose you have to be born with it.

What put these thoughts into my head was reading Clifton Reynolds's new book, *Autobiography*, recently published by the Bodley Head. Clifton Reynolds is evidently one of the world's super-salesmen. In this book, he tells us how it is done.

As an office-boy, working for ten shillings a week, he discovered he could make money in his spare time, buying and selling stamp collections. Which made him think, "If I could do this in a small way with stamps, could I not do it in a larger way with something else and so get rich?"

At nineteen, he decided to try. He rented a tiny attic in Shoreditch for half-a-crown a week, paid the landlord an extra shilling for the use of the downstairs telephone, had some cards printed: "C. G. Reynolds, Manufacturer's Agent," put an advertisement in a furniture trade journal

announcing that he had "premises in the heart of the London furniture trade" and would "accept agencies."

It was the end of 1911. I was only a young child then. But I knew a highly skilled craftsman with a long apprenticeship behind him (whom I'll call Harry) who was at his wits' end to earn a bare living out of making furniture at that time. Why didn't Harry put an advertisement in the paper offering to "accept agencies," instead of tramping footsore from firm to firm, lugging his bag of tools, and diffidently asking for work? I suppose he didn't think of it—or else he didn't have the courage.

Money Became Meaningless

Clifton Reynolds did, and reaped the reward of his enterprise. He worked as hard at his buying and selling as any craftsman ever worked at his craft. Nothing was too small for him to handle; nothing too large; and everything that passed through his hands, or through his books, left behind its due mead of profit. From plain buying and selling, he went on to large-scale business organization—until, as he tells us, he discovered that "money doesn't mean much" once you find yourself climbing towards the £10,000 a year level.

I believe some of the furniture that Harry made is being preserved for the nation in one of our old ducal mansions, now a national show-place. That might have pleased Harry more than making £10,000 a year—if he'd lived to see it. Unfortunately, he didn't. He died feeling himself a failure; a man who couldn't keep up with the times. It's a rum world.

So, at any rate, Clifton Reynolds began to feel when, having made a fair proportion of his pile, he was able to sit back and read some of the philosophers, and think about the system of society which enabled men like him to make money so easily, while others, equally hard-working, starved.

The result of his thinking (combined with his discovery that though making money might satisfy his belly it failed to satisfy the rest of him) was that he became a Socialist. The next problem was what to do about it. Should he sell all he had and give it to the poor?

He finally decided, he tells us, that he'd be a fool to become a victim of the system he despised. So he went on making money, but preaching Socialism.

Don't Waste Business Ability

Some people, I suppose, would sneer at him for that. But, when it comes to the point, where's the sense in a successful business man's throwing his commercial talents down the drain? One of the discoveries many of us Socialists are now making is that this mysterious gift called "business ability," is something we still need—but devoted to the service of the whole community instead of to the sole profit of one individual.

And I was pleased to learn that Clifton Reynolds, after selling his business and deciding to retire to the moneyed ease of his yacht and his Rolls-Royce and his books, has now changed his mind and gone to work for the Coal Board. I think we can use him.

Continued from previous page

Failure. Then under "C" he entered the Latin name *Epizootic Aphtha*.

He signed the certificate then looked up at Señor Lamaso inquiringly. The South American nodded as his keen eyes took in every detail.

"The disease, the immediate cause of death, and the Latin name for it," he said. "You made a wise decision when you decided to go on living. Now, may I show you to your cabin?" He laid another wad of notes on the desk and folded the certificate away in his pocket.

When Harnett had entered the cabin that was to be his for the next few days, Señor Lamaso openly locked the door on him. He lay on the bunk in the darkness thinking over his predicament.

Later he heard the undertaker's bum boat tie up at the companion and after a while the bump of a coffin carried over the side. Through his scuttle he made out the shape of the boat returning to harbour with the coffin on the thwarts. Doubtless his certificate went with it.

It was in the early hours of the morning while the *Santa Maria* was waiting for the tide that the police launches suddenly appeared. Bluejackets boarded her and took Señor Miguel Lamaso and a handful of the crew to Wellington Barracks for questioning. A doctor whom Harnett had never met unlocked the cabin and set him free and they rode back to the jetty in a police launch.

"You had a narrow shave, young fellow," the official said.

"Too narrow for me," Harnett replied. "I didn't like it a bit."

"What I don't get," said a police inspector who had been jerked out of his bed at a moment's notice, "is what started all this schemmuzzle."

"You mean, what made me have a look at the corpse? Something phoney in that certificate." The medical official laughed. "Latin, my old top. Know what *Epizootic Aphtha* is, Inspector? Foot-and-mouth disease—as I need hardly tell you, only found among cattle. . . ."

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Bomb Damage

A NUMBER of inquiries come from people whose homes were damaged during the war and are about to be rebuilt or reconditioned. One reader writes:

"My flat is part of a semi-detached house which was damaged by a bomb during the war. The local council, which has requisitioned the property next door, suggests remedies which may involve our leaving the premises during the rebuilding."

"Will you tell me if the position would be different if the council had ordered the repairs instead of merely suggesting them? If we have to vacate the flat shall we be liable for rent in order to retain tenancy? Also, who would pay the expenses of removal and the storage of our furniture?"

If the council ordered you to vacate the premises on account of the danger, you would not be entitled to demand alternative accommodation; but as they have only made a suggestion you cannot be compelled to quit unless alternative accommodation is available.

You would have to pay rent to retain the tenancy unless the council issued a certificate that your flat was uninhabitable on account of war damage. You would have to pay your own expenses for removal, storage of furniture, etc., unless otherwise agreed.

Our team of experts will solve your queries (except medical) if you send them to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Domestic problems to "Humanist," at same address. Stamped envelope for reply, please.

LETTERS THAT LIVE

Robert Louis Stevenson
to his father
and mother



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